

SOULE • GARNEY • MILLA

DAREDEVIL

#1

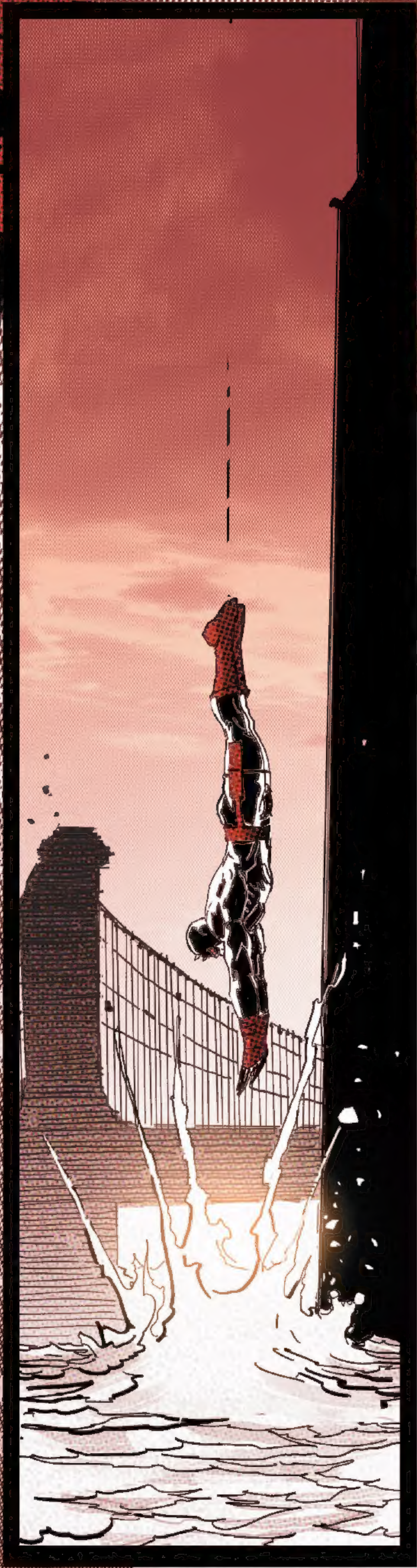


MARVEL

A comic book illustration of Daredevil flying over a bridge. He is wearing his black suit with a red devil's head on the chest and red bandages on his forearms. He is flying towards the viewer with a determined expression. The background shows the intricate steel structure of a bridge and a red, hazy sky. The image is oriented vertically on the page.

I am Matt
Murdock.

I am
Daredevil.



And I am
not afraid.

WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

DAREDEVIL

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ARTIST

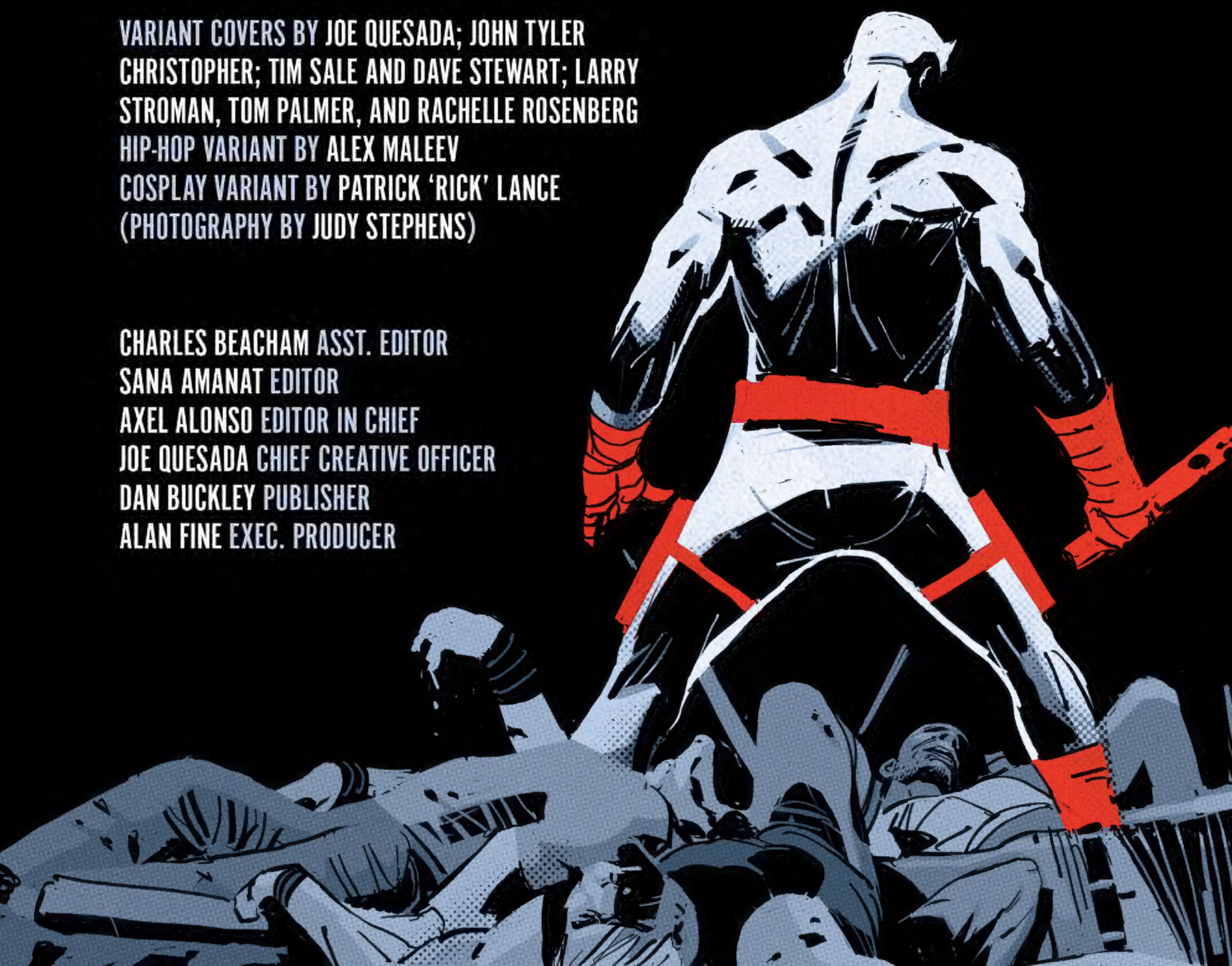
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NEW YORK CITY.
THE MANHATTAN BRIDGE.



I CAN'T BELIEVE DAREDEVIL DID THAT. JUST JUMPED RIGHT AFTER BILLY--HE DIDN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.

WHAT, YOU RATHER HE'D STAYED UP HERE?



YOU THINK HE'LL BE ABLE TO SAVE BILLY?

NO WAY. WE'RE TOO HIGH UP. THEY'RE BOTH DEAD FROM THE FALL.



WHEN WE GO BACK, TENFINGERS WILL LOOK ME RIGHT IN THE EYES AND ASK ME IF I'M SURE THAT BILLY LI IS DEAD.

YOU KNOW HOW HE IS. YOU CAN'T LIE TO HIM. I NEED TO BE ABLE TO SAY YES, AND PUT A CHERRY ON TOP BY TELLING HIM WE TOOK OUT DAREDEVIL, TOO.



SO KEEP YOUR EYES ON THAT RIVER.

AND MAKE SURE.



Where *are*
you, Billy?

Radar sense
doesn't work well
underwater. Sound
moves *strangely*--
more than four times
faster. Hard to
process the imagery
that quickly.

Or maybe I'm
just running
out of *air*.

Heartbeat.

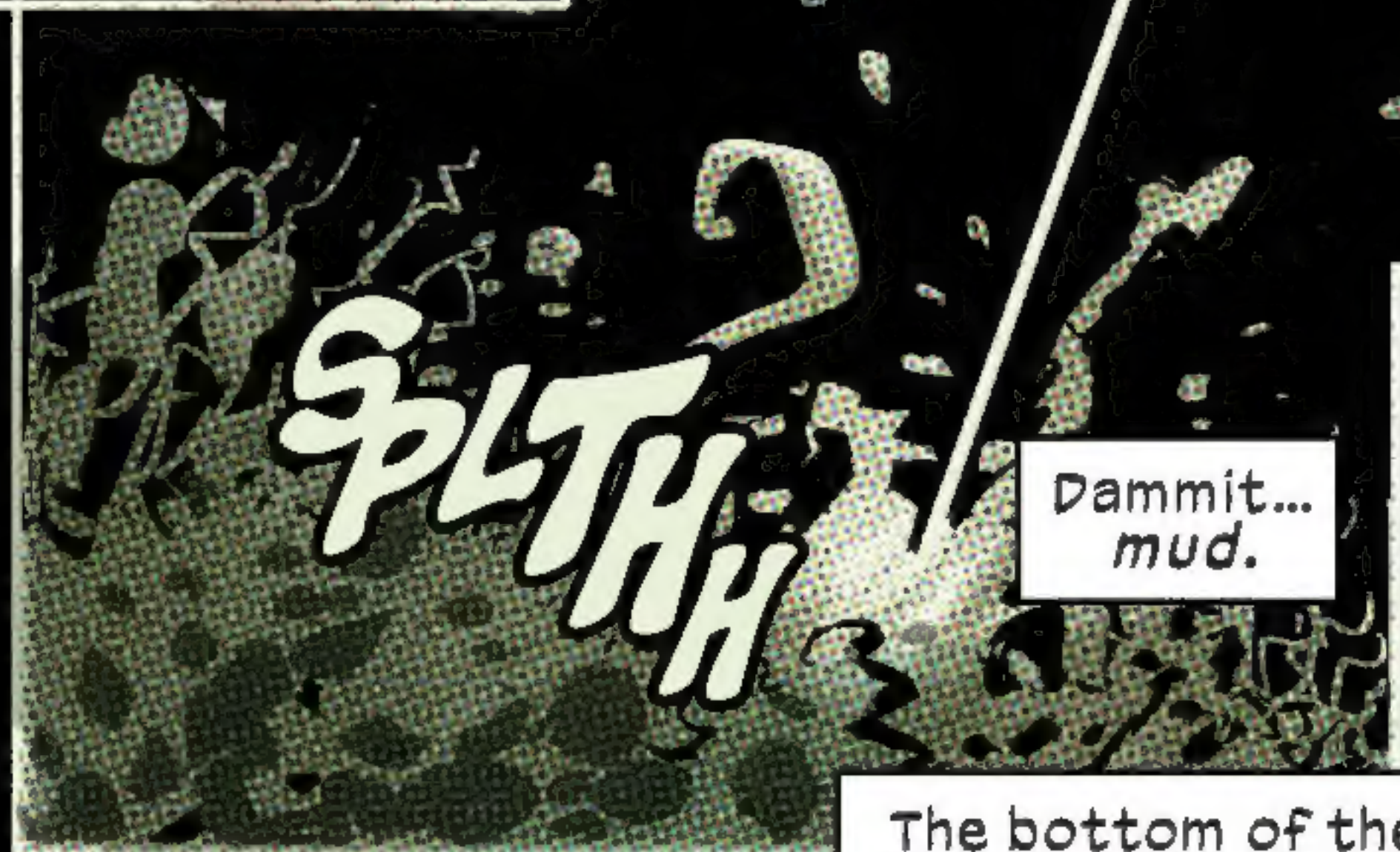
Too *fast*. He's
drowning.

Can't...
pinpoint
it.

Where
are you,
Billy Li?



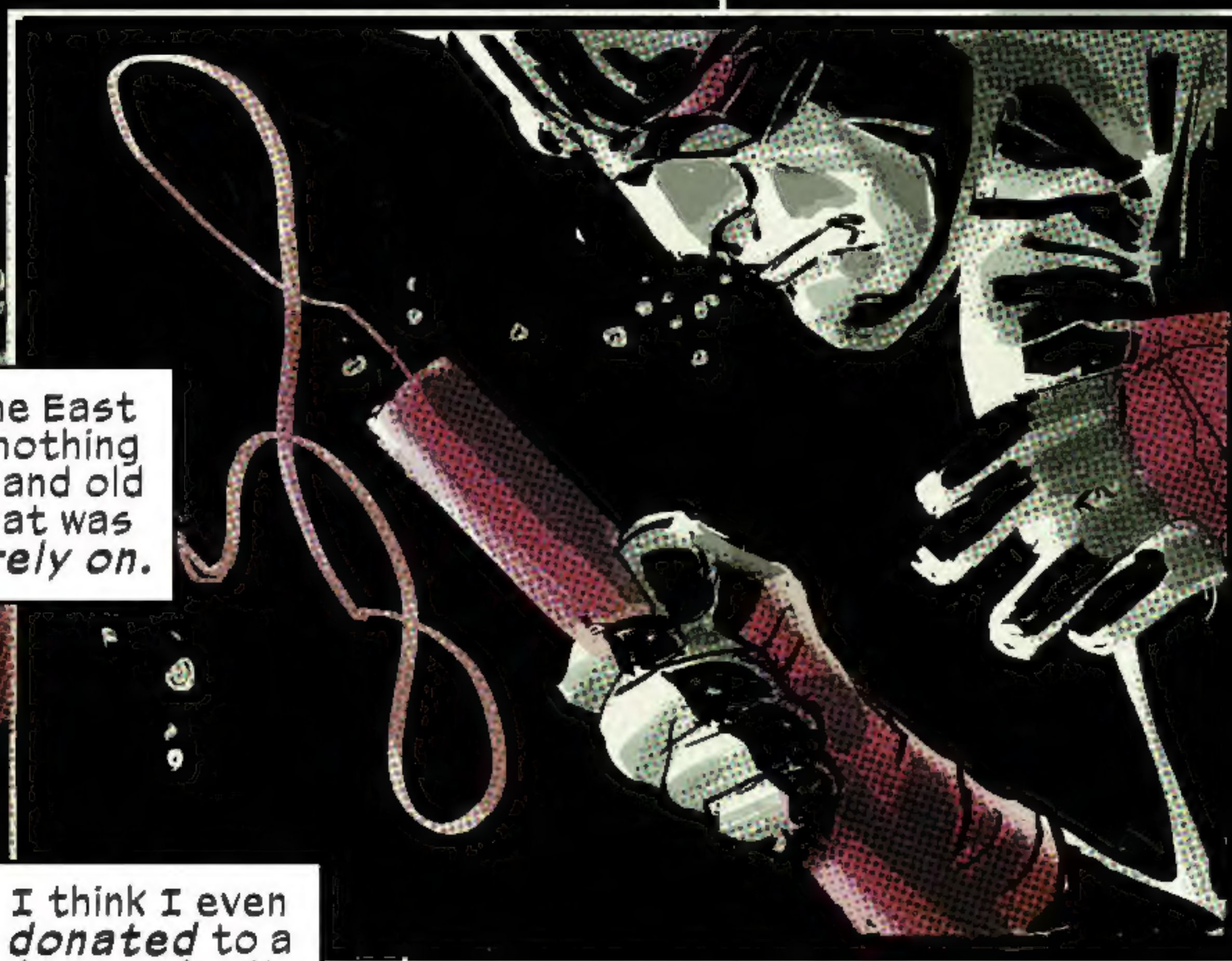
FSSSSSSSSSH



SPLTHH

Dammit...
mud.

The bottom of the East
River used to be nothing
but wrecked cars and old
refrigerators. That was
a river you could *rely on*.



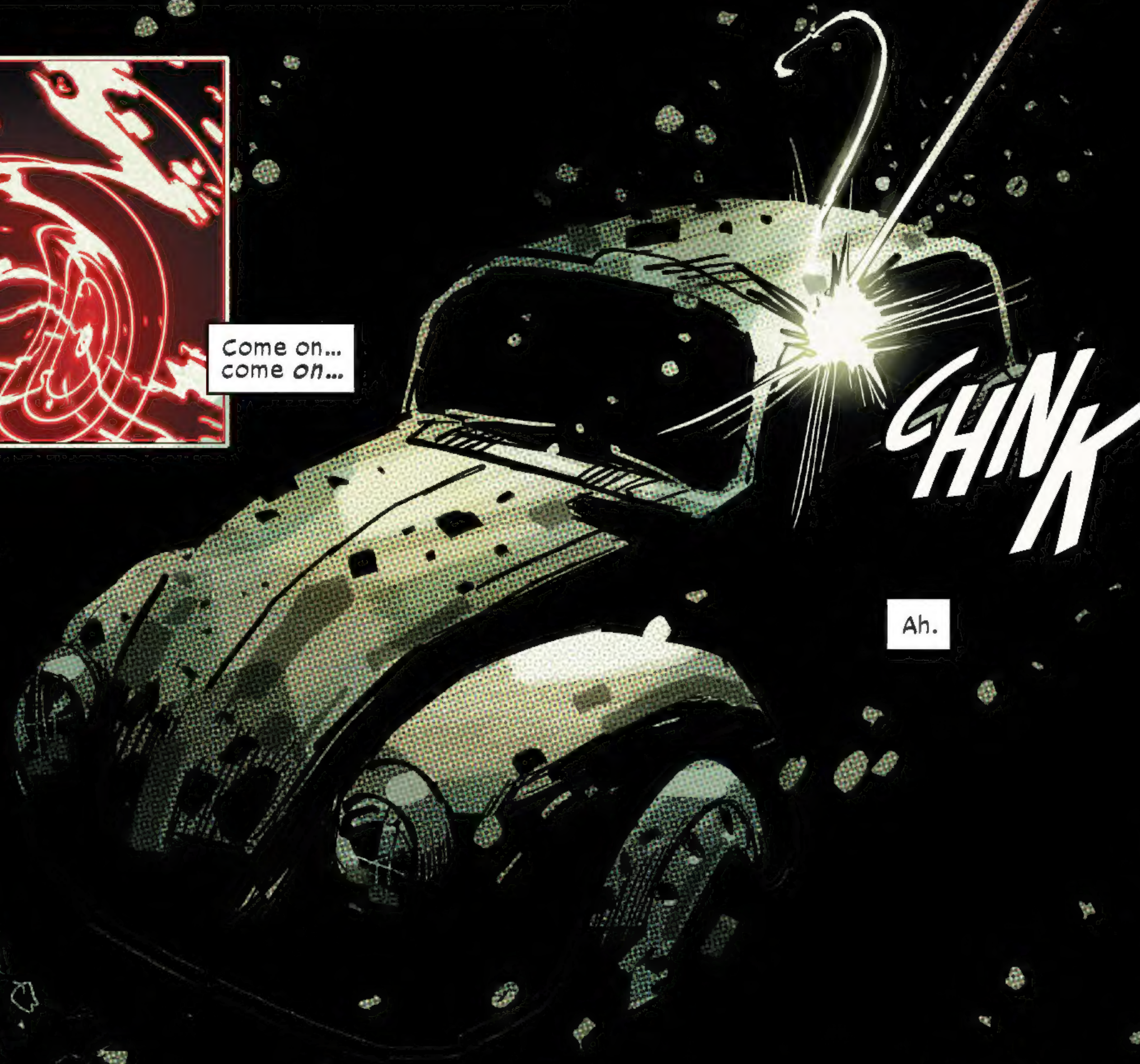
I think I even
donated to a
cleanup charity
once.

Never
again.



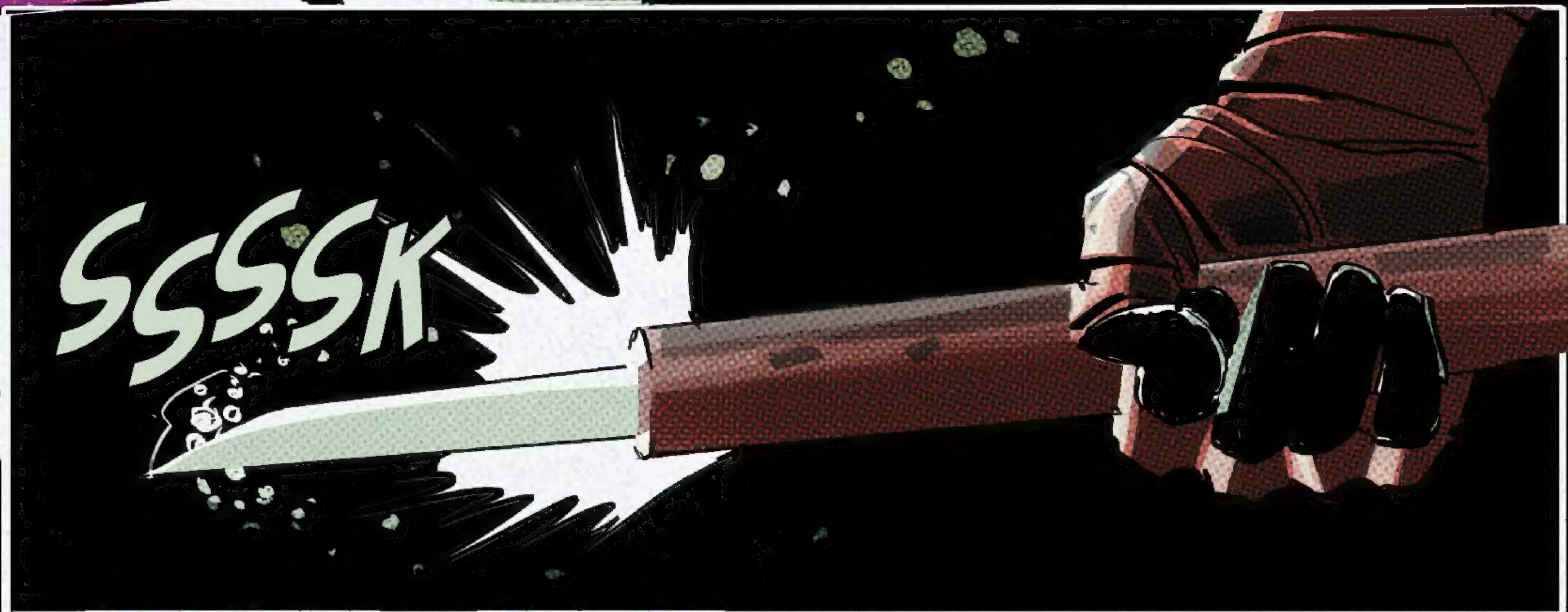
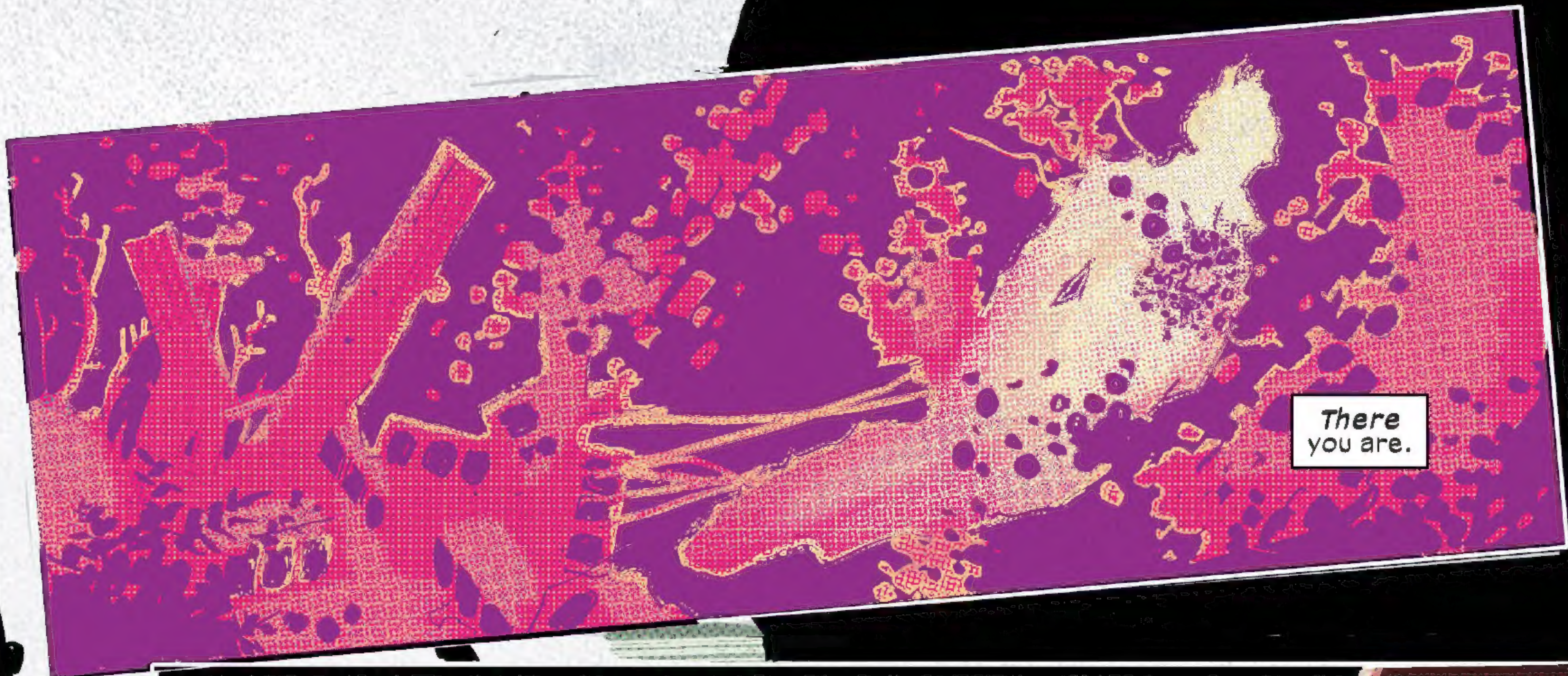
Billy's
heartbeat...
getting
weaker.

Come on...
come on...



Ah.

CHINK





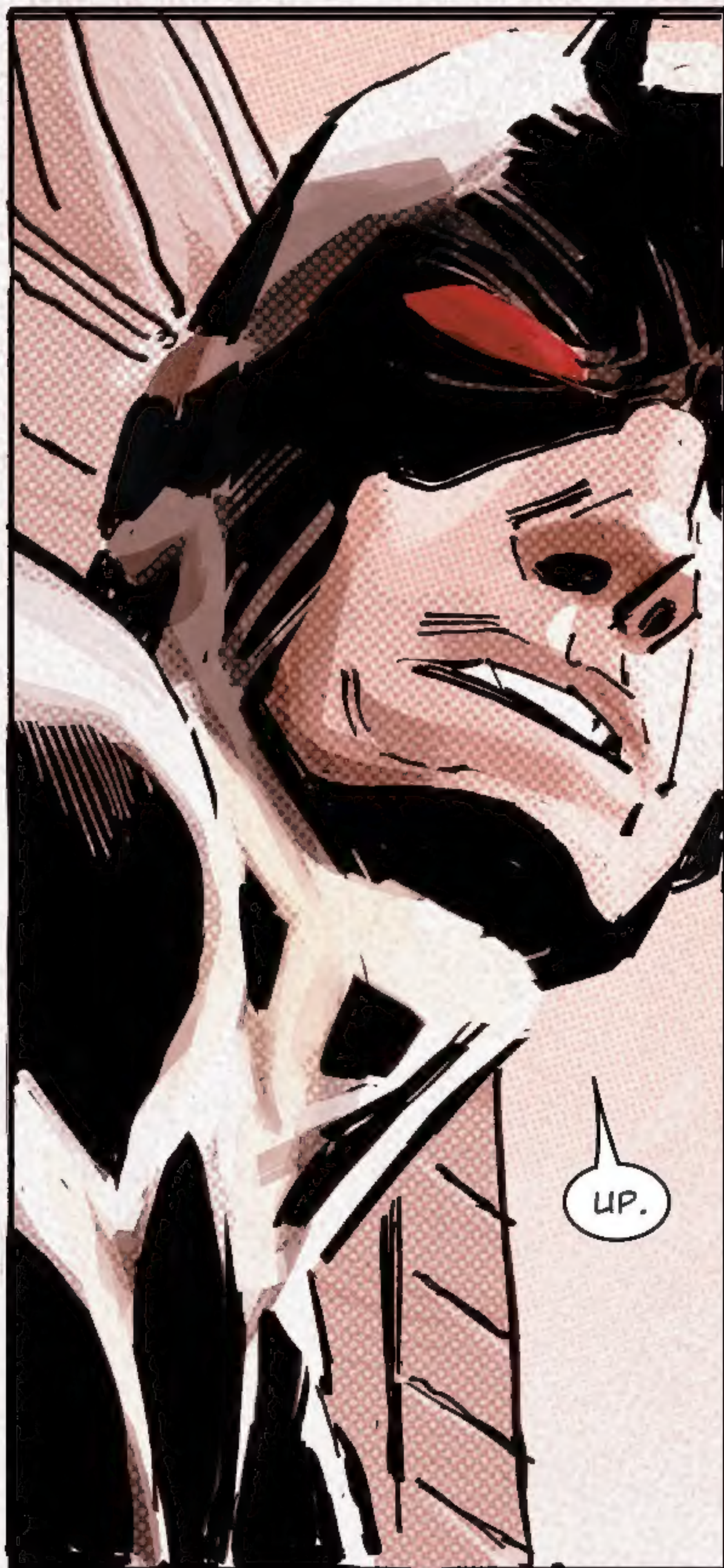
HOW'D YOU...YOU SAVED ME.

I TOLD YOU I WOULD, BILLY. YOU WERE LUCKY TENFINGERS' GUYS ARE LAZY--THEY DROPPED YOU CLOSE TO THE MANHATTAN EDGE OF THE BRIDGE--IT'S NOT AS HIGH ABOVE THE RIVER.

IF THEY'D DRAGGED YOU OUT TO THE MIDDLE, NEITHER ONE OF US WOULD'VE SURVIVED.

STAY HERE. I'LL BE BACK.

WHAT? WHERE THE HELL YOU GOIN'?



UP.



YOU OUTTA YOUR MIND?

THEY DON'T KNOW WE MADE IT. THEY DID, THEY'D ALREADY BE SHOOTING. WE CAN JUST WAIT 'EM OUT DOWN HERE.



YEAH, WE COULD.

BUT THEN THEY'D NEVER LEARN.



IT'S BEEN, LIKE, TEN MINUTES, BOSS. NOTHING CAME UP.



YOU WANT TO BE SURE? WELL, WE'RE SURE. BILLY LI'S DEAD, AND DAREDEVIL IS T--



KRACK



BOO.

I don't get these guys yet. They look like street thugs, but they fight like they've spent their lives training with Iron Fist.

And then there's the whole *fingers* thin--

BANG

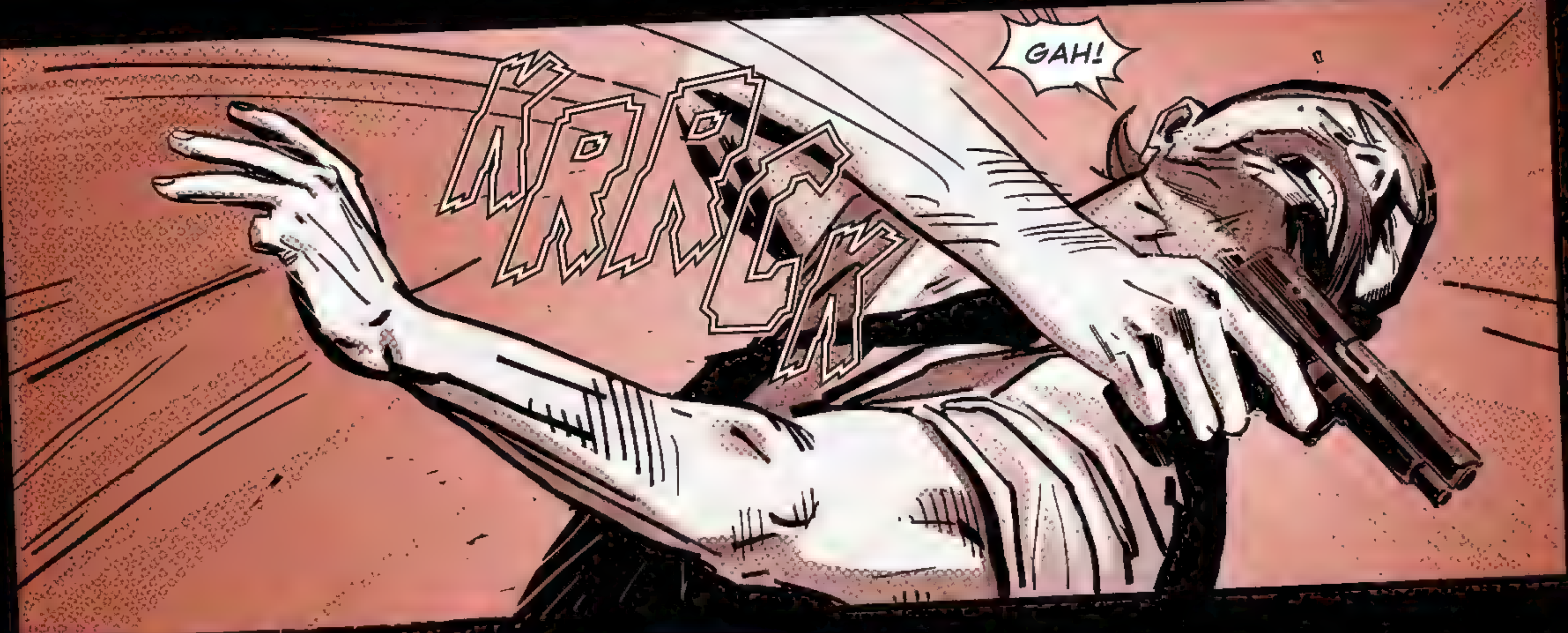
GAH!

Missed it...missed it. Dammit. Fall must have scrambled my senses more than I ~~anngh~~ realized.

YOU DUMB BASTARD. WE'RE THE CHURCH OF TENFINGERS. WHAT'D YOU THINK? YOU COULD TAKE US ALL OUT ALONE?

ACTUALLY...

...NO.





YOU TELL HIM!
TELL TENFINGERS HE'S
DONE, AND THERE'S NOTHING
HE CAN DO ABOUT IT. HE'S
JUST MAKING IT WORSE
FOR HIMSELF.



UFF!



AGH!



UNH!



THANK YOU,
VERY MUCH. THAT
COULD HAVE BEEN
UGLY.



YOU'RE
WELCOME.



YOU FOUGHT
INCREDIBLY WELL
TONIGHT.

CAN I ASK
WHAT TOOK YOU
SO LONG, THOUGH?
I MEAN, CHINATOWN
IS LITERALLY RIGHT
THERE.



I, UH, HAD
TO STOP TO BUY
BATTERIES.

INVISIBILITY
DOESN'T JUST
HAPPEN, YOU KNOW.
MAYBE YOUR POWERS
ARE FREE, BUT
MINE COST.

SO DID
MINE, BLINDSPOT.
BELIEVE ME.

TOMORROW
NIGHT, 2 AM.
TRAINING. THE
USUAL
SPOT.

COME
ON, MAN, I
THOUGHT YOU SAID
I DID WELL, WHEN
DO I GET TO
SLEEP?

WHEN
YOU'RE GOOD
ENOUGH TO
BEAT ME.

PEESH

ZZIP

HNH.

YOU GOT IT,
BOSSMAN.

410 WEST 48th STREET, APT. 5D.

12:06 AM.

HE
CRASHED PRETTY
QUICKLY.

HE'S HAD
A HELL OF A
NIGHT.

I
THOUGHT
WE HAD AN
UNDERSTANDING,
YOU AND
I.

HE
WOULDN'T
HAVE SURVIVED
THE NIGHT,
FOGGY.

THIS WAS
THE ONLY PLACE I
COULD THINK OF WHERE
BILLY WOULD
BE SAFE.

WHAT
ABOUT ME,
DAREDEVIL?
WILL I BE
SAFE?

COME
ON. DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS.
THAT'S--

NO. IT'S
NOT.

JUST
BECAUSE YOU
LET ME REMEMBER
DOESN'T CHANGE WHAT
YOU DID TO MAKE
EVERYONE ELSE
FORGET.



1 HOGAN PLACE. MANHATTAN.

NEW YORK COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

Footsteps.

Heels. Worn, though. Old shoes. No woman keeps heels until they're about to fall apart by *choice*.

So it's a paralegal.

Oranges, too. She peeled an orange this morning. She *always* has an orange in the morning.

So...

...Ellen King.

HELLO, COUNSELOR.

WHO'S THAT?

ELLEN KING, MR. MURDOCK.

RIGHT, THANKS. BUT CALL ME MATT, FOR GOD'S SAKE.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THEY STUCK YOU IN HERE. I MEAN, I KNOW YOU'RE LOW LAWYER ON THE LAWYER POLE, BUT AN ELEVATOR SHAFT?

I DON'T MIND. THIS PLACE IS PACKED. EVERY OFFICE IS FULL, AND I'M THE NEWEST A.D.A. IN THE JOINT. IT'S TO BE EXPECTED.

EVEN IF I WASN'T, DO YOU REALLY THINK THEY SHOULD WASTE A ROOM WITH A VIEW ON THE BLIND GUY?



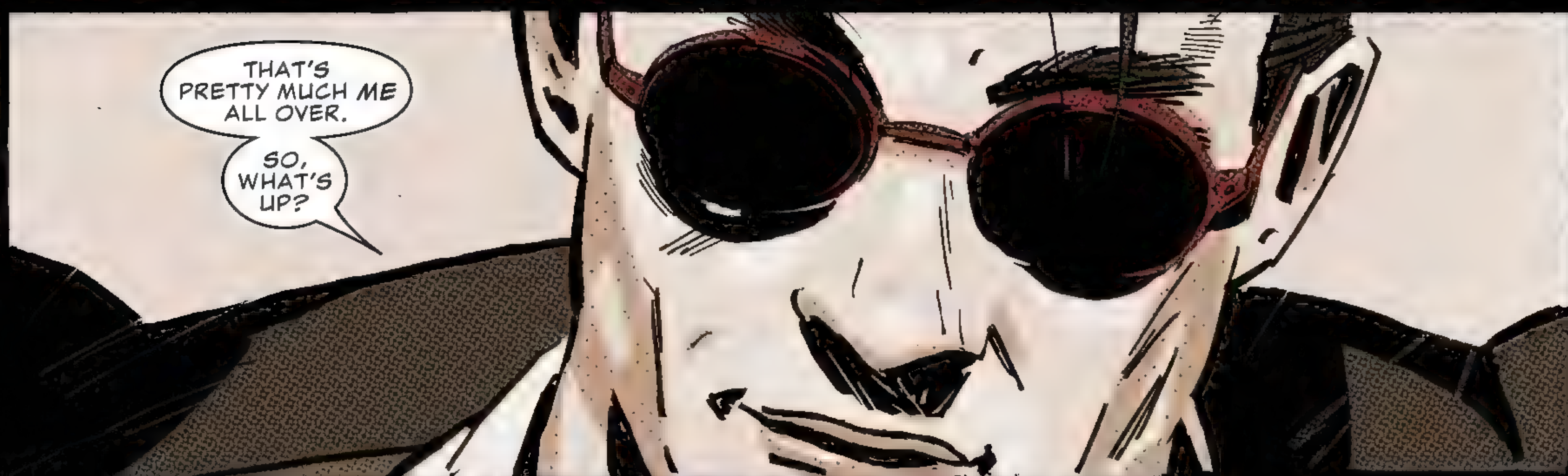
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ER, MATT? YOUR FACE IS BRUISED. DID YOU FALL?

I WENT ROCK CLIMBING THIS WEEKEND, TOOK A TUMBLE. NO BIG DEAL.

DIDN'T WE TALK ABOUT THIS? LISTEN, YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GET USED TO SEEING ME A LITTLE BANGED UP.

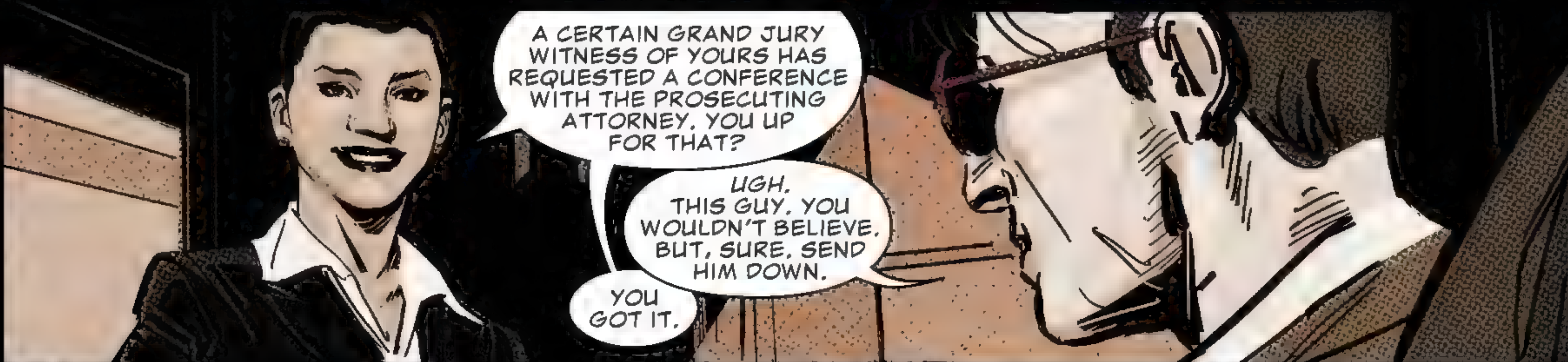
YOU KNOW THOSE PEOPLE WITH ONE HANDICAP OR ANOTHER WHO DO INADVISABLY DANGEROUS THINGS BECAUSE THEY WANT TO PROVE THEY'RE AS CAPABLE AS EVERYONE ELSE?

UH... SURE.



THAT'S PRETTY MUCH ME ALL OVER.

SO, WHAT'S UP?



A CERTAIN GRAND JURY WITNESS OF YOURS HAS REQUESTED A CONFERENCE WITH THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY. YOU UP FOR THAT?

UGH. THIS GUY. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE. BUT, SURE, SEND HIM DOWN.

YOU GOT IT.



LISTEN, I'M NOT SURE I CAN DO THIS, MR. MURDOCK.

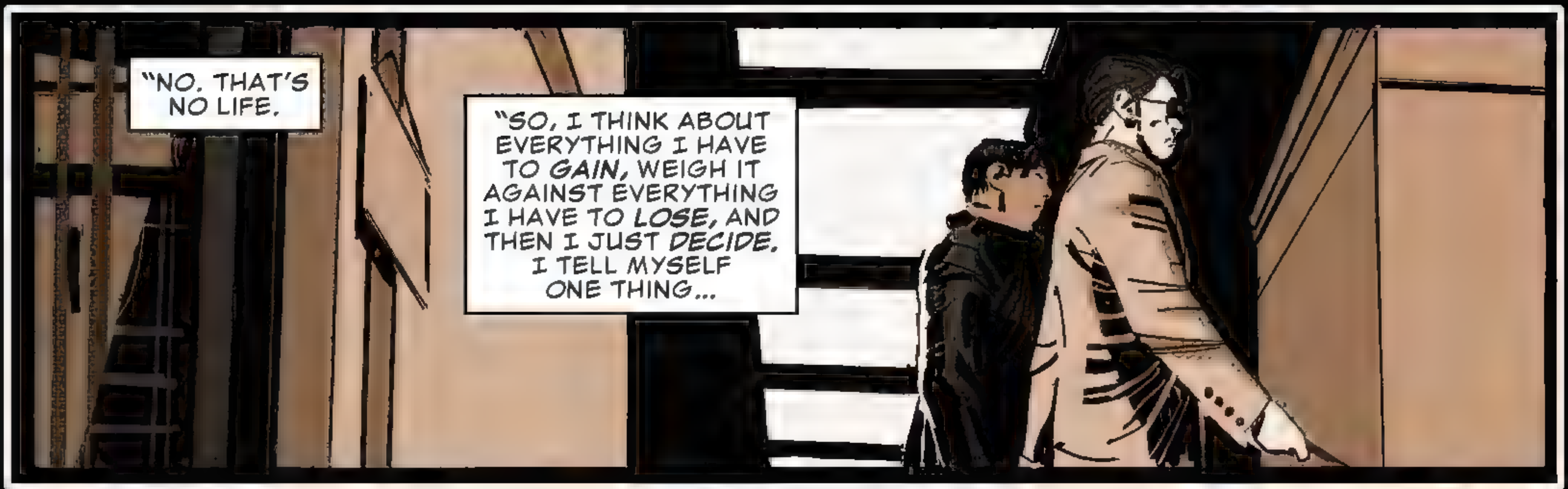
I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO TESTIFY.



YOU KNOW WHAT, MR. LI?

I'M NOT SURE I CARE.





CHINATOWN.

I'M SORRY, BOSS. IT WAS DAREDEVIL....AND BLINDSPOT, TOO. MUST HAVE BEEN HIM.

THEY WERE PROTECTING BILLY FOR SOME REASON.

I SEE. AND SO BILLY LI REMAINS AMONG THE LIVING.



...
YES, TENFINGERS. WE TRIED, I PROMISE YOU...



OF COURSE. I'M SURE YOU DID YOUR BEST.

SUCH A SHAME, TOO. I WAS PREPARED TO TAKE TWO FINGERS FROM YOU, IF YOU HAD SUCCEEDED.

PLEASE, IF YOU JUST GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE.



LET ME GIVE THEM TO YOU RIGHT NOW. PLEASE. I CAN--



ONEHAND, COME ON, DON'T.

SORRY, FRIEND. IF TENFINGERS WANTS 'EM, HE'LL ASK FOR 'EM.

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT BIGMOUTH LI, BOSS? HE'S SCHEDULED TO TESTIFY TOMORROW.

AH, YES. I HAD HOPED TO AVOID SOMETHING SO PUBLIC, BUT I SUPPOSE IT DOES SEND THE RIGHT MESSAGE.

KILL HIM. RIGHT IN THE COURTHOUSE. OH, AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, SAMUEL--



--KILL
THE LAWYER,
TOO.

YOU
GOT IT,
BOSSMAN.

YOU CAN
COUNT ON
ME.

TO BE CONTINUED...

**YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



DON'T MISS *DAREDEVIL* #2

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